

Life inevitably comes to a full circle as seasons repeat themselves, and years pass by. We began our journey singing along in drunken ecstasy with a poignant question, "Why? Why do seasons change?" "Why does Grishsho roll onto Barsha, till Bashanta rolls into Baishakh— an inevitable change we see in what surrounds us?" And then one is left to answer the most pertinent query of all — Is it only nature that changes? Does it not change our everyday lives with it?

No matter how isolated we consider ourselves to be from nature, or our pastoral past, none can deny the greater power that mysteriously makes the skies change, the rivers overflow, or make the winds hover over the seas gathering power, and finally dying on land after biting with its most vicious wrath. We see the seasons purify earth with scorching heat, only to calm it down with a splash of rainfall so that planters can cultivate and reap the bounties of the lands made fertile again by rivers gushing beyond their boundaries. We cannot escape the subtlety of autumn or help be in awe as it etches its mark on nature, and in our collective Bengali existence. And when winter comes and spring follows, lives change with passing day of every passing season.



Neither grey nor dull

The days are short and the nights — long. Shheet can be unkind, as it can be benevolent. For people in northern Bangladesh, winter is all about biting spells of cold winds and days of immense hardship. But even where the season seems most unforgiving, the season is marked with festivities — the pastoral fairs, and the urban soirees. Winter starts with a share of melancholia, but ends on a high note, as it ushers the most joyful season of Bengal.